



# The Death Lottery



cancer

fantasy

modern

332 13 20

## Chapter 1 by George Langham

When I was young the Doctor told me the metaphor of The Death Lottery.

Imagine you're forced into a lottery where every time you do X you're gave a ticket.

But nobody in this lottery knows how many tickets they have or how they got them.

Just that certain things seem to happen to "winners" more often.

They know, with reasonable doubt, those factors increase the chance of winning.

You could have a billion tickets and never "win" or you could have exactly one and "win" straight away.

That's how I simplify cancer in my head.

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I never particularly liked the metaphor. It made my cancer seem like it was something waiting to be won. Everybody wants to win the lottery. Perhaps the allusion was something that he picked

up in a medical psychology course at college, something his professor said to use on poor saps like me so I could subconsciously link my winning to my fatal disease.

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very spur of the moment decision. The wind is picking up, fast. If I still want this to be my decision...I shake my head. It has to be my decision. That was the entire metaphorical point of coming up here. I couldn't be taken down by something that had started by nature. It had to be me, or no one. /Breathe in and breathe out, Charlie/, I remind myself. /It's the last time that you're going to do it, anyway./

When the arms first flung around me, I thought that it had to be a security guard. A small part of me was even relieved. The truth of the matter was much more electric.

### Chapter 3 by JM



The woman--if she can be defined by such a human term--wrapped her wings around me, and with neither exertion nor effort, she lifted me away from the edge of the roof. She smelled of ozone and soft music seemed to emanate from her as if she was a speaker set to the lowest volume.

"Am I dead?" I asked. "I must be, right? Because you're an angel."

"No, you are not dead," she said, her voice as soft and multi-faceted as a children's choir singing a hymn. "And I am not an angel."

"Then what are you?"

She simply smiled.

"Why did you do that?" I asked, exasperated. "I'm going to die anyway."

"You're right."

It wasn't what I wanted to hear. She was supposed to tell me that it wasn't my time yet; that I was going to beat cancer and live a long, full, and healthy life; that'd I'd be a grandfather, a great-grandfather, a great-great grandfather. "Then why?"

The non-angle brought me back to the edge of the roof, pointed down to where my body would have fallen and said, "That's why." See more of Story Wars

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Chapter 4 by George Liner



On the ground below was the gaping maw of a huge beast, though I noticed that nobody else saw it.

"What in the world is that?"

### Chapter 5 by avianwings



She gave me a knowing smile, and I gave her a frustrated look, bringing up my hands to show that I'd strangle her if she didn't answer me. (I wouldn't, really -- I need to know this before I die. Then, I can die.)

"Mmm I'm pretty sure it's a chimera, but honestly I never paid attention in creature studies. I just know they're there."

"Okay, but what do we do with it?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" Who is this girl?!

"Creatures really only gobble up people who're about to die, so... She should be gone soon enough."

"That thing's a she?" I'm pretty sure this is the highest my voice has ever gotten, and I'm hoping she ignores it, honestly.

"That's your concern right now?"

"Well, I mean..." What am I supposed to think?

### Chapter 6 by DANDAN THE DANDAN ~ anyone still remember me?



"You're supposed to thank me. The more she eats, the arranger she becomes. You don't want her to wavy your familv right?"

She asked,

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"Um, no!"

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"Good. Now wake up!" The sentence echoes in my head.

Then I open my eyes. I waked up with the scene of a hospital roof.

"IV bag, flowers, digunting pills. Welp, everything's normal!"

Said that too soon.

5, horrifying, creatures, with dark skin, jagged claws, fangs of a knife, and muscles of a tiger, they crashed to the door, with blood on my mouth.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!" I shouted. Then, the non-angel broke through the door of the opposite side and started screeching at the 'wolfs'.

She fought them.

She was trying to save me.

## Chapter 7 by felicia hor



\*"remission"\*

"RUNNNNN idiot," she shouted.

I froze momentarily, my head fuzzled. i was supposed to be in a hospital bed wasn't i? wake up wake up... i closed and open my eyes.

"you're and idiot" the non angel said angrily, her wings wrapped around my shoulders again,pulling me with her.

i was frozen again when i realised my leg wasnt in contact with the ground.

i watched as the gap between my feet and the ground widen slowly.

"are we?" i asked looking into the non angel's face.

"yes we are, just shut up" she replied.

her face was pale, almost like an elf, her pointed nose, her eyes were like hounds and they were icy.

"stop staring at me"she snapped

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"im.... sorry. the lights better now so im just curious as what are u." i said.

i had so many questions i wanted to ask but my thoughts trailed out as soon as i saw what was below me.

### Chapter 8 by caramel173



It was a pool of lava. Or... well, I think it was. I swear that it was, I could even feel the heat radiating up.

How the pool of lava got into the middle of the city, I have no idea. I was looking at that exact spot like, a day before I wanted to jump. I still do, but... "ARGH! Let go of me!" I yelled quite loudly (I'd rather die in lava than die of cancer.).

The winged creature listened. I didn't expect it to, but it did. The next thing I knew, I was plummeting towards certain death. You may have noticed how I didn't say 'The LAST thing I knew,.' This was because I found out that the chimeras could fly, and they caught me.

the end

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